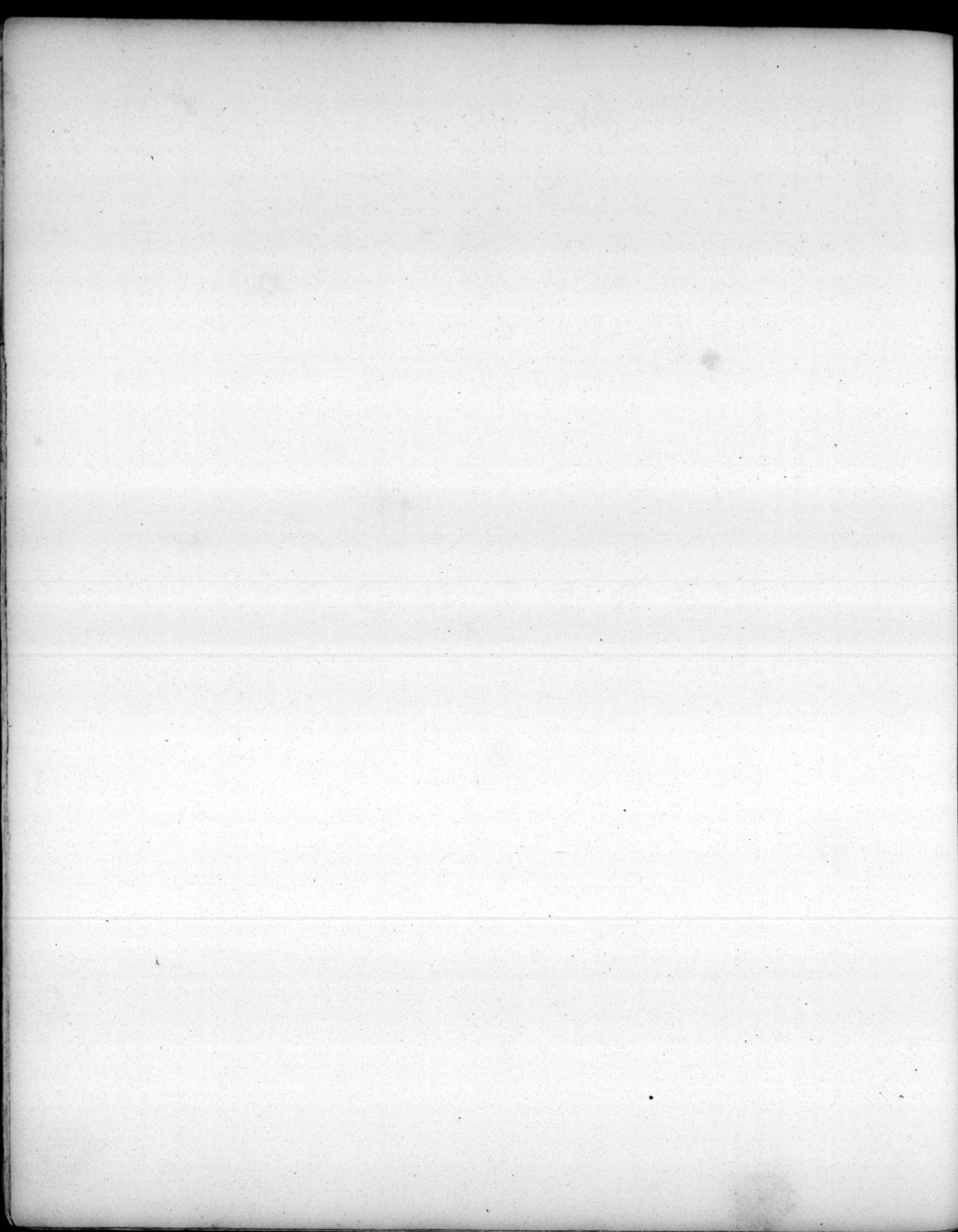


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P R E L U D E.



P R E L U D E.

*SCENE, A wood. In the back-ground, a view
of the Thames.*

*A dreadful storm of thunder and lightning. Queen Mab
enters, surrounded by Fairies; she waves her wand, the
storm ceases.---[She speaks.]*

WHENCE come these omens of Heav'n's displeasure?
The forked lightning scares my pigmy train
From dance, from revels, and their wonted play.
Have England's sons on their devoted heads

45. 1. 16. 587.



Drawn

indignant

Drawn Jove's ~~unerring~~ thunderbolts this night ?
 Now by my magic wand's unerring power
 Your queen shall know the cause of your dismay !
 For still on this green shore your feet shall tread,
 In many a mystic round---Haste---appear !
 Whate'er thou art, the cause, the hidden cause
 Of Heav'n's displeasure---for Mab will know the truth.

*A Trophy of Arms rises, the Banners of England and Prussia
 crown the top of it. The Furies enter, tearing and
 trampling under foot the Banner of France : seeing the
 others, they endeavour to seize upon them ; but Mab strikes
 them motionless, and thus addresses them :*

Desist, ye ministers of hell ! rebellious fiends !
 That tempt the wrath of Heaven. Your sacrilegious hands
 From Royalty would tear the just insignia—
 But here, here, your efforts all are vain,
 And, like your chief, in adamant chains
 You're doom'd to sink below the light of day.

Here

Here worth hereditary scorns your new
 And bitter mischiefs from its sacred bowers.
 Here, far from broils, from discord, and from care,
 A Brandenburg shall taste the charms of peace ;
 His mildest virtues chase you from this grove,
 And send you bootless to your native fires.
 Too long imbrued in blood, your hands have torn
 From laws and lovely order all their charms.---
 Rouse not the British Lion's dread revenge ;
 Nor tempt the Northern Eagle's waken'd fury :
 United here, they keep inviolate
 The wealth and freedom of this sea-girt isle.
 From Cassups and the hardy Vandals sprung,
 A warrior fixes here his lov'd abode,
 And Berkley's daughter hails him all her own.
 While England smiles to see her native child
 Return with more than birthright dignities,---
 She grateful weaves the fragrant myrtle wreath
 That shall unfading blow for him alone ;
 To Heaven-born poetry she consecrates this place ;
 To harmony and all its soothing train.

Here

Here shall her hero rest, retir'd from pomp
And all the pageant falsehood of a court:
Here magic scenes shall speak of nought but love---
Of nought but honour, decency and truth.

Hence! hence, foul fiends! sink into endless night,
There howl fell discord to the realms below!

The Furies sink, an attendant Fairy sings.

RECITATIVE.

Hence, vile insidious arts! hence, guilty care!
Hence, crimes that sexes, ages neither spare!

SONG.

In robes of innocence array'd,
Here sport in peace our faereal train;
Here wisdom, truth, stand undismay'd,
Rebellion shakes her spear in vain.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

In magic circles dance around,
To consecrate this new-made ground.

Return'd

Return'd from toil and threat'ning war,
Each British youth shall find this place
Bedeck'd with wreaths by Albion's fair,
Whose looks are beauty, steps are grace.
In magic circles, &c.

Here with a filken unseen chain
Love shall the proudest heart confine ;
A Northern Eagle cross'd the main,
To sacrifice at friendship's shrine.
In magic circles, &c.

When love and friendship both unite
To captivate the human breast,
Peace, comfort, joy and soft delight
Bespeak uninterrupted rest.
In magic circles, &c.

The River God rises from the stream, and the Fairies vanish.

THAMES *speaks.*

What magic power, my peaceful shores along,
Disturbs my sleep with poetry and song?
What sumptuous buildings from my banks arise?
What fays and goblins sport before my eyes?
What sounds harmonious vibrate on my ear?
O Genius of this happy isle, appear!
Come, godlike Genius! I implore thy aid:
I long in careless indolence have laid.
My aged head, unus'd to sounds like these,
Still aches for silence, solitude and ease.

*The Genius of the Isle descends in a cloud, and, coming to
the River God, says:*

I come, obedient to thy well-known voice;
I come to bid thee with thy sons rejoice.
A British Muse, still partial to thy stream,
Who oft made thee her choicest, dearest theme,

Return'd

Return'd from distant climes, intends once more
 To hail with gayer, fresher notes thy shore.
 Her daring flight, now borne on eagle's wings,
 Of things unheard of yet, she boldly sings.
 See, at her call, the Comic Muse advance !
 The Graces lead her steps with festive dance.

The Three Graces preceded by Thalia, who addresses the God.

This is my palace ; and this lovely train,
 Sprung like their beauteous mother from the main,
 Shall teach the Bards, that oft invoke thy stream,
 Of things immortal like thyself to dream.
 No bacchanalian rout shall stain this spot ;
 Nor tragic scenes, by dismal vice begot,
 Shall rouse thy Naiads from their limpid sport,
 Or fright the Graces from their fav'rite court :
 This court of friendship, sensibility ;
 Where Love, with winking laughter-loving eye,
 Shall teach my willing hands to hold the reins,
 And bind the human mind in filken chains.

England

England and Prussia here their power blend ;
 Here, to the Muses, are one common friend.
 Th' immortal Frederic's spirit o'er this place
 Shall hover, and give dignity to grace.
 Britannia's virtuous sons can never, here,
 From vice of satire turn a wounded ear.
 Here morals chaste as light, and taste as pure
 As thy own silver stream, their worth secure.
 To bed, to bed, old Thames, in peace ! for, know,
 While thou and all thy streams to Ocean flow,
 My lyre new-strung shall, constant as thy tide,
 In silver numbers like thy waters glide.
 Thy shores, thy meads, this consecrated grove,
 Are doom'd to ring of harmony and love.
 Here youth shall sport, and age be taught to smile ;
 While poetry dull mortal cares beguile.
 Here talents find their home ; for, here, each day
 The Muse Thalia holds imperial sway.

*Protected by such force, authors may write,
 And genius unrestrain'd pursue his flight*

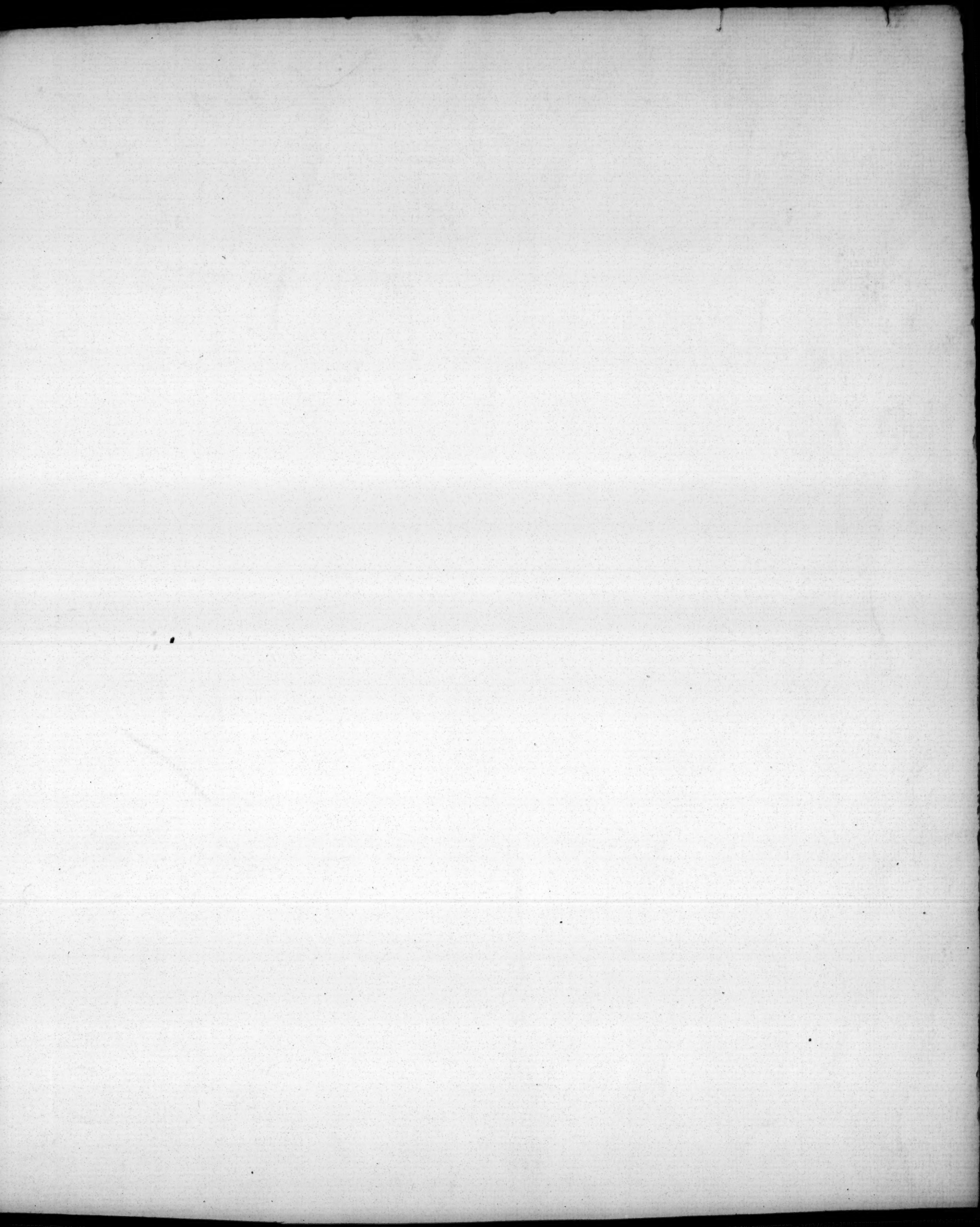
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The Genius to THALIA.

When Muses sing of Virtue's sacred name,
Their task is pleasure, their reward is fame.
Come, fair Thalia! come with me away,
And claim fresh honour from the God of day.
His choicest garlands shall thy presence greet,
While English blossoms spring beneath thy feet:
Sweet blossoms of this island's honest praise!
The just reward of artless, cheerful lays.

F I N I S.





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